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## The Stars.

Oh! name not the stars in an idle jest:  
They are homes of plenty, and joy, and rest;  
Or angel eyes with their beams of light,  
Watching our pathway in beauty bright;  
Or rays from the smile of God are they—  
Then worship their splendor, proud child of clay!

So calm and so still do they journey on,  
Like the Christian who feels that the goal is won,  
That a hallowed peace to his heart is given,  
A whisper of endless love in heaven!  
Then turn not, with idle words, away  
From their matchless glory, frail child of clay!

A breath from their presence comes stealing by,  
And we list for their sound of their minstrelsy;  
But silence is written in letters deep,  
As wrapt in their beauty they calmly sleep!

Oh! turn to their radiance when burdened with care,  
It shall win thy worn spirit their quiet to share.

LOVE.

## For the Illinois Free Trader.

Reflections on a Visit to Starved Rock.  
A visit to this spot is indeed calculated to set imagination busily to work, to bring into action all the poetry, and give full scope to what little imaginative genius we may possess. When I stand upon this eminence and look down upon the surrounding country, I can in fancy allot to every portion of it some part in past scenes.

In yonder secluded covert among those tall trees, around whose tops the smoke so gracefully curls, I see the wigwam of the Indian, and hear the wild shout of joy and mirth from the young savages as they sport on the green. In yonder sheltered spot, almost surrounded by stately oaks—appearing as though they had battled against time and tempest until they had grown grey in the fight, yet still refuse to bend—I see the corn gracefully bending to the summer breeze, and among it the Indian mother with her papoose tied to her back, pulling the weeds that else would steal its nutriment. And that shout in the wood behind us—'tis the warrior's in pursuit of game. See the stag wounded and, desparate, dash along yonder dark ravine, while the red hunter, crafty and determined on his prey, by a shorter route gains on his victim, and cuts off retreat. Hark! I hear in the stream below us the sound of paddles—'tis the Indian canoe; swiftly and almost silently it skims the surface of the stream, whilst with almost sure and steady nerve the young warrior throws his dart, and fastens on his funny prey. And what part shall we allot to the majestic rock upon which we stand? Ay, see by yon winding path on its south the aged Indian slowly ascending—he gains the summit almost spent. See! his attitude is that of devotion. Here then they worshipped the Great Spirit, and as almost all nations in their wars have made their last stand in the edifices consecrated to their gods, and near the tombs of their fathers; so worshipped and perished here a tribe. A little while, and on the summit of this blood stained rock lay bleaching the bones of the last of the Illinois.

We awake from our dream of the past, reality takes the place of imagination, the busy hum of the artisan, the voice of the merry plough boy, the lowing of kine and the tinkling of the cow bells break upon the ear, and the eye, in roaming o'er the broad and fertile plain below us, may rest upon the habitation of the white man. Oh, how changed and ever changing! May not a people yet unborn stand upon this same rock and indulge in imagination and conjecture with regard to us, when yonder great work, stretching along our valley and mingling the waters of the north and south, shall have fallen a sacrifice to time, and its ruins shall only tell that we were once an enlightened people.

OTTAWA.

From the Staten Islander.

## An Incident of the Revolution.

In the summer of 1779, during one of the darkest periods of our revolutionary struggle, in the then small village of S—, (though it now bears a more dignified title,) in this state, lived Judge V—, one of the finest and truest patriots within the limits of the 'Old Thirteen,' and deep in the confidence of Washington. Like most men of his times and substance, he had furnished himself with arms and ammunition, sufficient to arm the males of his household. These consisted of himself, three sons and about twenty-five negroes. The female part of the family consisted of his wife, one daughter, Catharine, about 18 years of age, the heroine of our tale, and several slaves. In the second story of his dwelling house, immediately over the front door, was a small room, called the 'armory,' in which the arms were deposited and always kept ready for immediate use. About the time at which we introduce our story, the neighborhood of the village was much annoyed by the nocturnal prowlings and depredations of numerous Tories.

It was on a calm, bright Sabbath afternoon of the said summer, when Judge V. and his family, with the exception of his daughter Catharine, and an old indisposed female slave, were attending service in the village church. Not a breath disturbed the serenity of the atmosphere—not a sound profaned the sacred stillness of the day; the times were dangerous, and Catharine had locked herself and the old slave in the house, until the return of the family from church. A rap was heard at the front door. "Surely," said Catharine to the slave, "the family have not yet come home; church cannot be dismissed." The rap was repeated. "I will see what it is," said Catharine, as she ran up stairs into the armory. On opening the window and looking down, she saw six men standing at the front door, and on the opposite side of the street, three of whom she knew were Tories, who formerly resided in the village. Their names were Van Zandt, Finley and Sheldon; the other three were strangers, but she had reason to believe them to be of the same political stamp, from the company in which she found them.

Van Zandt was a notorious character, and the number and enormity of his crimes had rendered his name infamous in that vicinity. Not a murder or robbery was committed within miles of S—, that he did not get the credit either for planning or executing. The characters of Finley and Sheldon were also deeply stained with crime, but Van Zandt was a master spirit in iniquity. The appearance of such characters, under such circumstances, must have been truly alarming to a young lady of Catharine's age, if not to any lady, young or old. But Catharine V. possessed her father's spirit—"the spirit of the times," Van Zandt was standing on the stoop, rapping at the door, while his companions were talking in a whisper on the side walk on the opposite side of the street.

"Is Judge V— at home?" asked Van Zandt, when he saw Catharine at the window above.

"He is not," said she.

"We have business of pressing importance with him, and if you will open the door," said Van Zandt, "we will walk in and remain till he returns."

"No," said Catharine, "when he went to church, he left particular directions not to have the doors opened until he and his family returned. You had better call when the church is dismissed."

"No," retorted the villain, "we will enter now or never."

"Impossible," replied she "you cannot enter until he returns."

"Open the door," cried he, "or we'll break it down, and burn you and the house up together." So saying, he threw himself, with all the force he possessed, against the door, at the same time calling upon his companions to assist him. The door, however, resisted his efforts.

"Do not attempt that again," said Catharine, "or you are a dead man," at the

same time presenting from the window a heavy horseman's pistol, ready cocked.

At the sight of this formidable weapon, the companions of Van Zandt, who had crossed the street at his call, returned. "What!" cried their leader, "you cowards! are you frightened at the threats of a girl?" and again he threw himself upon the door. The weapon was discharged, and Van Zandt fell.

The report was heard at the church, and males and females at once rushed out to ascertain the cause. On looking towards the residence of Judge V—, they perceived five men running at full speed, to whom the Judge's negroes and several others gave chase; and from an upper window of his residence, a white handkerchief was waving, as if beckoning for aid.

All rushed towards the place, and upon their arrival, Van Zandt was in the agonies of death. He still retained strength to acknowledge that they had long contemplated robbing that house, and had frequently been concealed in the neighborhood for that purpose, but no opportunity had offered until that day, when lying concealed in the woods, they had seen the Judge and his family going to church.

The body of the dead Tory was taken and buried by the sexton of the church, as he had no relations in that vicinity.

After an absence of two hours or thereabouts, the negroes returned, having succeeded in capturing Finley and one of the strangers who were that night confined, and the next morning at the earnest solicitation of Judge V—, liberated on the promise of amending their lives.

It was in the month of October of the same year that Catharine V— was sitting by an upper back window of her father's house, knitting; though autumn, the weather was mild, and the window was hoisted about three inches. About sixty or seventy feet from the rear of the house was the barn, a huge old-fashioned edifice with upper and lower folding doors; the lower doors were closed, and incidentally casting her eyes towards the barn, she saw a small back door on a range with the front door, and the window at which she was sitting open, and a number of men enter.

The occurrence of the summer immediately presented itself to her, and the fact that her father and the other males of the family were at work in a field some distance from the house, led her to suspect that that opportunity had been improved, probably by some of Van Zandt's friends to plunder and revenge his death. Concealing herself, therefore, behind the curtains, she narrowly watched their movements. She saw a man's head slowly rising above the door, and apparently reconnoitering the premises—it was Finley's. Their object was now evident. Going to the "armory," she selected a well loaded musket, and resumed her place by the window. Kneeling upon the floor, she laid the muzzle of the weapon upon the window sill between the curtains, and taking deliberate aim, she fired. What effect she had produced, she knew not, but saw several men hurrying out of the barn, by the same door they had entered. The report again brought her father and his workmen to the house, and on going into the barn, the dead body of Finley lay upon the floor.

Catharine V— afterwards married a captain of the Continental army, and she still lives, the honored mother of a numerous and respectable line of descendants. The old house is also "in the land of the living," and has been the scene of many a prank of the writer of this tale, in the hey-day of mischievous boyhood.

## The Rich Man.

What is it that makes an individual rich in the sight of God? I need hardly say that it is not his wealth, he may have countless thousands; it is not his reputation, he may have attracted the applause of the multitude; it is not his standing in society, he may rank first among his fellows; it is nothing, absolutely nothing, which attaches itself to the outer man. From the habitation of his holiness God hath written the decree, "look not at this man's countenance, nor at the height of his stature, for God hath rejected him; for man looketh upon the outward appearance, but God judgeth of the heart." The individual who is rich in the sight of God, must bear about him the elements of a spiritual character. It is possible—nay it is the ordinary experience of man—it is possible to be poor, miserably poor, in the midst of the greatest wealth which this world can accumulate upon its votary; it is possible, nay it is experience, to be rich in the midst of worldly poverty, for spiritual riches is a matter of the mind; poor in temporal possessions, rich in spiritual. If we would judge as the infinitely wise and holy God is wont to judge, we should esteem that man rich, who was rich in the faith, the love, the hope, the

charity of the Gospel. I call that man rich, in whose heart rest the graces and the virtues of the Christian character; I call that man rich, who can appropriate to the comfort of his soul the promises of the Gospel; I call that man rich, who in his vital faith and holy regulated life, can come to God in the endearing character of a father, for all things are his, whether life or death, or things present, or things to come. Yes, the real heart-changed follower of Christ is rich, because he enjoys a Father's bounty. Well hath the poet said—and in reference to the real Christian it may be said with unqualified truth,

He looks abroad into the varied field of nature,  
Calls the delightful scenery all his own;  
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,  
And the resplendent rivers; his to enjoy  
With a property that none can feel,  
But who, with filial confidence inspired,  
Can lift to heaven, an unpresumptuous eye,  
And smiling say—my Father made them all.

I call that man rich who has in reversion the wealth of the kingdom of heaven.

In this view of the subject, how grossly misapplied is the term rich, as it is commonly understood. Thou art the poor man who, though clothed in purple, art yet hovering on the very brink of perdition. Thou art poor, who hast never sought to fill thy coffers with the immeasurable riches of the grace of God; who, amidst all the prodigality of heavenly mercies, art suffering a dearth and famine of the word of God, the grace of Christ, and the communication of the Spirit. This, this is poverty. But on the other hand, thou art rich, who art clothed in the vesture of a Saviour's righteousness and hast a title to a throne in heaven. Seek, then, those riches which are enduring, and let nothing prevent you from striving to attain them with an energy which befits their value. In the comparison of this, let nothing weigh in your estimation; the wealth, and honors, and pleasures of the world, are less than the veriest feather, and no matter what may be your earthly condition, if you are rich in faith, and an heir of the kingdom. You may suffer persecution; you may be involved in tribulation; you may be sunk in penury; yet the mightiest king of the mightiest kingdom may envy your condition, if God shall pronounce of you, Thou art rich. No earthly eulogy can speak so much; no monumental marble can carry down to distant ages a fame so enduring; for the declaration, Thou art rich, is the eulogy of the Eternal; Thou art rich, the lasting fame of eternity.—Bedell.

## The Jews' Love of Judea.

The most interesting circumstance which presents itself to my mind, in recalling what I saw of the Hebrew nation in the east, is the universal diffusion of the love, the undying love of the Jews for their own Judea, the Canaan of their fathers.—Who could see without emotion thousands of poor Israelites, who, from the remotest parts of Europe have made their way, by long and weary pilgrimage—through privations incalculable and sufferings without end—often shoeless and almost clothless—friendless and penniless, that they might see the city of David, and lay their bones in the city of Jerusalem. What multitudes are there among them who have sold their last possession—having gathered together their little, their insufficient all, and have started, marching towards the rising sun, from the Vistula, the Dnieper, and the Danube, on a journey as long as perilous! How many have perished, exhausted on the way! How many who have landed at Joppa, or crossed the Taurus at Antioch, have been unable, from over exhaustion, to reach their longed-for goal! How many have sunk in sight of the Mount of Olives! and how many have closed their eyes in peace and blessedness when the privilege has been vouchsafed to them of treading with the walls of Salem!—Dr. Bowdler.

## Influence of War on Domestic Life.

Among the distinguished men who fell victims in the war of the American Revolution was Col. Isaac Hayne of South Carolina; a man who, by his amiability of character and high sentiments of honor and uprightness, had secured the good will and affection of all who knew him. He had a wife and six small children, the eldest a boy, thirteen years of age. His wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, fell a victim to disease; an event, hastened not improbably by the inconveniences and sufferings incident to a state of war, in which the whole family largely participated. Colonel Hayne himself was taken prisoner by the English forces, and in a short time was executed on the gallows under circumstances calculated to excite the deepest commiseration. A number of persons, both Englishmen and Americans, interceded for his life; the ladies of Charleston signed a petition in his behalf; his motherless children were presented on their bended knees as humble

suitors for their beloved father, but all in vain. During the imprisonment of the father, his eldest son was permitted to stay with him in the prison. Beholding his only surviving parent, for whom he felt the deepest affection, loaded with irons and condemned to die, he was overwhelmed with consternation and sorrow. The wretched father endeavored to console him, by reminding him that the unavailing grief of his son tended only to increase his own misery; that we came into this world merely to prepare for a better; that he was himself prepared to die, and could even rejoice that his troubles were so near an end. "To-morrow," said he, "I set out for immortality; you will accompany me to the place of execution; and when I am dead, take my body and bury me by the side of your mother."

The youth here fell on his father's neck, crying, "Oh, my father! my father! I will die with you! I will die with you!" Colonel Hayne, as he was loaded with irons, was unable to return the embrace of his son, and merely said to him in reply,—"Live, my son, live to honor God by a good life; live to serve your country; and live to take care of your brother and little sisters." The next morning (proceeds the narrative of these distressing events) Col. Hayne was conducted to the place of execution. His son accompanied him. Soon as they came in sight of the gallows, the father strengthened himself, and said, "Now, my son, show yourself a man! That tree is the boundary of my life, and all my life's sorrows. Beyond that the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. Don't lay too much at heart our separation; it will be short. 'Twas but lately your dear mother died.—To-day I die; and you, my son, though young, must shortly follow us." "Yes, my father," replied the broken hearted youth, "I shall shortly follow you, for indeed I feel that I cannot live long." And this melancholy anticipation was fulfilled in a manner more dreadful than is implied in the mere extinction of life. On seeing his father in the hands of the executioner, and then struggling in the halter, he stood like one transfixed and motionless with horror.—Till then (proceeds the narration) he had wept incessantly; but soon as he saw that sight, the fountain of his tears was stannched, and he never wept more. He died insane; and in his last moments often called on his father in terms that brought tears from the hardest hearts.

## "Come, James."

## A BIT OF ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

A few years ago, (says the editor of the Herald,) when but a single steamboat made its semi-monthly trip upon Lake Erie, from Buffalo to Detroit, touching at Erie, Cleveland, Sandusky, &c., and when its arrival or departure at either place was an incident that created no little bustle, we were standing among the crowd upon the wharf at Buffalo, watching the passengers hurrying on board the Superior, Capt. Sherman, which was in a few minutes to take its departure for Detroit. There was a large number of passengers, mostly consisting of emigrants to the then latest found land of promise, Michigan. Among the different groups upon the deck were a couple somewhat past the meridian of life, who were in earnest conversation with a young man, while a female of "blooming seventeen," their daughter, stood listening to the discussion with a look of deep absorption, which betrayed the intense interest she felt in the subject.

We learned afterwards that the couple had been long attached to each other, but the young man had been unable to obtain the consent of the parents to marry their daughter. She was an only child and the circumstances of her lover were not such as answered the views they had formed. Business had called the young man from home for several weeks, and on his return, to his great surprise and chagrin he found that Mr. S., the father of his beloved, had sold his farm, and with his wife and daughter had departed for Michigan. James thought he saw through the motive of this movement, and learning that they had been gone but a few days, his resolution was at once taken to follow, unprepared as he was for the journey, either with ready money or change of apparel. He gave no sleep to his eyes nor slumber to his eye-lids, till he was on the way, and lessening as he hoped, the distance between himself and the object of his affection. As the departure of the boat did not take place till two days after the arrival of the parents and their daughter at Buffalo, fortunately for the young man, he arrived before they had placed the Lake between the two lovers; and when the dejected maiden stepped upon the boat, she was more surprised and overjoyed to behold him, than her parents were vexed. The latter testified their displeasure at his thus following them, in terms little calculated to strengthen his

hopes of final success, and though he urged his suit with them with all the eloquence he could command, he still found them inflexible.

At length the moment of parting arrived—"the last bell" was rung—the word was given for those who were not going with the boat to leave, and the order to "cast off" from the captain was heard. With a mingled look of affection and regret James extended his hand to Mary, from whose eyes streamed the fast falling drops. What was the whole world to them at that moment?—they forgot the gaping multitude, and every thing but each other—their hearts now about to be sundered clung the closer. As the "farewell" was uttered, Mary held his hand with a nervous grasp, while quick as thought she threw her disengaged arm first round her mother's neck and then round her father's, imprinting a burning kiss upon the cheek of each, and ejaculating—"farewell father, farewell mother—come James!"—ere her parents had time to remonstrate, she sprung with her lover from the boat to the wharf. The boat moved majestically on her way, while a shout of delight burst from the surrounding crowd, who had witnessed the whole scene, and had warmly sympathized with the lovers. The conflict between filial duty and affection, and love, had been a violent struggle in the breast of the maiden, but love triumphed; father and mother were forsaken, and now went on their way lonely; while the lover bore back to his humble dwelling, in triumph, the joy of his heart, and the sharer of his future prosperity or adversity.

## The Schoolmaster abroad.

The following capital hit, illustrative of the qualifications of both masters and inspectors of Common Schools, in too many instances can scarcely be called an exaggeration:

A board of "School Commissioners," who encumbered a consequential little village in Maryland, being in want of a teacher, advertised in the newspapers for "a well disposed moral man, who was capable of teaching the dead languages, and did not chew tobacco or drink whiskey." After a fortnight of this advertising had been elaborated, a raw-boned Yankee made his appearance, with a knife and pine stick in one hand, and a Cape Cod Protection, alias a cake of gingerbread, in the other, and held the following dialogue with the committee aforesaid.

"Well, sir," said the chairman, eyeing the candidate from head to foot, "do you possess the necessary requisites for a public-school teacher?"

"I guess I do," answered Slick, whittling his stick.

"Do you understand Latin?" asked one of the Committee men, a Dutch farmer.

"I guess I do," replied Slick, again, rounding the end of his stick with his knife.

"Well, let's hear some of your Latin," said the Chairman.

"Quambo hic squashicum, et punkinitum lingum," said Slick.

"Humph!" exclaimed the Dutchman, "ish dat Latin? Who's te author?"

"Josephus," replied Slick; "he says in his life of Governor Hancock—'Sic transit gloria Monday morning—Hancockibus quaderat demonstrandum.'"

"Dat's goot!" exclaimed the Dutchman rubbing his hands, "tere never vas better Latinus!"

"Now, sir," said the chairman, "I suppose you understand geography?"

"I guess I do," said Slick, sharpening the end of his stick.

"How far have you been?"

"As far as the District of Columby."

"What state is it in?"

"A state of desolation."

"What latitude are we in?"

"According to the thermometer we're ten degrees below zero."

"Which is the most western point of North America?"

"Cape Cod."

"Good. Now, sir, let us know how far you studied mathematics. What's the area of a square acre of land?"

"That depends upon the quality," replied Slick snapping the blade of his knife.

"Well suppose it to be good corn land?"

"Why, it depends upon the number of hills."

"Say—five hundred."

"Guess you might as well tell a feller how many grains to the hill?"

"Five."

"Then, accordin' to Euclid, it would be 742 feet horizontally perpendicular."

"Excellent! Pray, sir, where are you from?"

"Staunton, down in the Bay State—and I can do 'most anything."

"No doubt, but there is one thing you cannot do; you cannot humbug us. You can go."

Oct. 7, 1940